

*The Two Noble Kinsmen.*2. *Qu.* Honoured *Hypolita*

Most dreaded *Amazonian*, that ha'st slaine
 The Sith-tuskd-Bore; that with thy Arme as strong
 As it is white, wast neere to make the male
 To thy Sex captive; but that this thy Lord
 Borne to uphold Creation, in that honour
 First nature stilde it in, shrunke thee into
 The bownd thou wast ore-flowing; at once subduing
 Thy force, and thy affection: Soldireffe
 That equally canst poize sternenes with pittie,
 Whom now I know hast much more power on him
 Then ever he had on thee, who ow'st his strength,
 And his, Love too: who is a Servant for
 The Tenour of the Speech. Deere Glasfe of Ladies
 Bid him that we whom flaming war doth scorch,
 Under the shaddow of his Sword, may coole us:
 Require him he advance it ore our heades;
 Speak't in a womans key: like such a woman
 As any of us three; weepe ere you faile; lend us a knee;
 But touch the ground for us no longer time
 Then a Doves motion, when the head's pluckt off:
 Tell him if he ith blood cizd field, lay swolne
 Showing the Sun his Teeth; grinning at the Moone
 What you would doe.

Hip. Poore Lady, say no more:

I had as leife trace this good action with you
 As that whereto I am going, and never yet
 Went I so willing, way. My Lord is taken
 Hart deepe with your distresse: Let him consider:
 Ile speake anon.

3. *Qu.* O my petition was *kneele to Emilia.*
 Set downe in yce, which by hot greefe uncandied
 Melts into drops, so sorrow wanting forme
 Is prest with deeper matter.

Emilia. Pray stand up,
 Your greefe is written in your checke.

3. *Qu.* O woe,
 You cannot reade it there; there through my teares,

Like

The Two Noble Kinsmen.

Like wrinckled peobles in a glasse streame
 You may behold 'em (Lady, Lady, alacke)
 He that will all the Treasure know o'th earth
 Must know the Center too; he that will fish
 For my least minnow, let him lead his line
 To catch one at my heart. O pardon me,
 Extremity that sharpens sundry wits
 Makes me a Foole.

Emili. Pray you say nothing, pray you,
 Who cannot feele, nor see the raine being in't,
 Knowes neither wet, nor dry, if that you were
 The ground-peece of some Painter, I would buy you
 T' instruct me gainst a Capitall greefe indeed
 Such heart peirc'd demonstration; but alas
 Being a naturall Sister of our Sex
 Your sorrow beates so ardently upon me,
 That it shall make a counter reflect gainst
 My Brothers heart, and warme it to some pittie
 Though it were made of stone: pray have good co

Thef. Forward to'th Temple, leave not out a
 O'th sacred Ceremony.

1. *Qu.* O This Celebration
 Will long last, and be more costly then,
 Your Suppliants war: Remember that your Fame
 Knowles in the eare, o'th world: what you doe qu
 Is not done rashly; your first thought is more.
 Then others laboured ineditance: your premeditati
 More then their actions: But oh Love, your actions
 Soone as they mooves as Asprays doe the fish,
 Subdue before they touch, thinke, deere Duke thin
 What beds our slaine Kings have.

2. *Qu.* What greifes our beds
 That our deere Lords have none.

3. *Qu.* None fit for'th dead:
 Those that with Cordes, Knives, drams precipitance
 Weary of this worlds light, have to themselves
 Beene deathes most horrid Agents, humaine grace
 Affords them dust and shaddow.

1. *Qu.* But our Lords

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